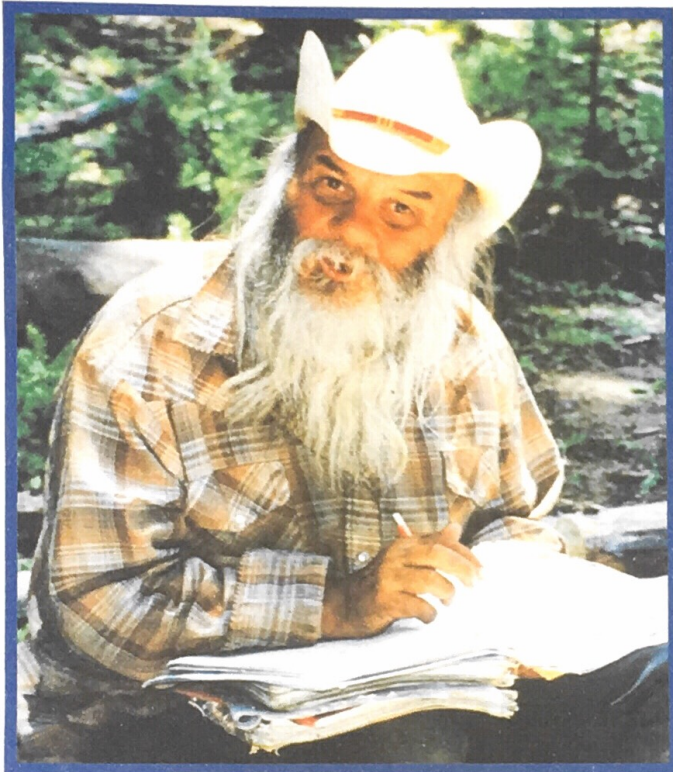




# Rainbow Family

## Life Stories



by Jodey Bateman.  
Interviews with Rainbow  
Family of Living Light  
folks conducted between  
1977 and 2008.

Scanned in 2018.

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07.E REBEL, "It Kind of Changed Me"

— interviewed at the 1982 Idaho  
Gathering

5 pages

[07.E]



REBEL It Kind of Changed Me

[When Rebel told how after leaving an orphanage, he met up with a woman who claimed to be his mother, I thought this might be a fantasy that he and the woman mutually agreed upon. However Vicki Wanders says she thinks the story is quite possible.]

I got a wild imagination. There's a planet 85 billion miles away. It's called the planet Fulsol in the Trisoid Zylet galaxy. If you want some acid, just drink from a stream. If you want some pot, just break a limb from a tree. If you want some hash, pick up a rock...

I was born August 16, 1963 on a kitchen table back in the hills of West Virginia. They're backwoods people. The closest doctor was 30 miles away. I was born with the doc there. Everybody called him Doc. That was his name. My father was an Apache Indian - Mescalero Apache to be precise. My mother was a full-blooded German. That's all I know about my parents.

I was two or three when they put me in the orphanage. My dad, I take it he's dead. I ain't seen him. My mom couldn't support us all. There was four of us. Me and my brother Bud and my sister Cindy got split and didn't see each other after that. They got adopted quick. But me and my brother Marty, we always stuck together. I beat his ass up, but nobody else could. If you picked on him, you had to pick on me. That was the way me and Marty was.

My early life is kind of blurry. I hated the orphanage. If I talk about it, I get violent. I don't hit people, but I hit a tree or rock or something when I'm mad. I remember one time I hit a stop sign. It wasn't hurt. Neither was the oak tree it was nailed to, but I broke my knuckles. They was passing out ice cream at the orphanage and I didn't get none.

There wasn't enough love to go around in the orphanage - two elderly



couples between 40 people. Don't get me wrong - there was good times in the orphanage as well as bad, but mostly bad. Annie, she was one of the cooks, she cared about us kids. Once in a while you could sneak in and get a hit off Annie's jug while she was asleep. She was a dream to us until she died. She's the only person there I reckon to remember. I don't want to remember anyone else there.

We had a quarter allowance a week. A quarter was a lot. You could buy some candy. That's basically what the other kids did. I started smoking pot when I was ten. Once every four weeks, I'd buy me a joint. I smoked it with four other kids. I didn't trust them. I just knew they wouldn't snitch or I would snitch on them.

I got me a job in a mechanic shop cleaning up when I was 15, a filthy, dirty job. I mean I worked like a damn slave. Don't get me wrong - they let me tear the engines apart. I made on the average of \$20 every two weeks. I made about \$100, but I had to give most of it to the orphanage. They used it to buy food. I used my \$20 to buy drugs.

When I was 15, I started running away from the orphanage. On the street, that's where I found out about drugs and sex. I tried acid for the first time when I was 16 when I ran away. I grabbed a bottle of pop from a kid and drank some of it before he could say anything about it. It had acid in it.

When I was 16, I was adopted with my brother Marty. The family was nice. It was a Christian family. We did our share of going to church twice a month and it was a trip. I learned in the orphanage to sleep with my eyes open in church. I thought church was garbage then. This dude had some money. He was a real estate salesman. They gave me a motorcycle for Christmas 1979. It was a little Harley panhead. All I had asked for was a bicycle. I tripped with a 16 year old girl. I never laid her. I just liked being with her. My foster parents didn't want me to be around



her because she was poor.

This family had a little seven year old girl. She's uglier than a dog. After two months, they accused me of something with her that I didn't do. One day I was sick in bed and I wouldn't give her a ride on my shoulders. She was in my room all day. I was so sick I couldn't move. I got better by the end of the day. When her parents come home, I was giving her a bath. She had a broken leg and I was bathing her so she wouldn't get her cast wet. I'd given her baths before, but her parents was always there.

They was a little drunk when they come home. My step dad accused me. He said, "Here's \$6,000. I never want to see you again." Child molesting is a heavy number to be accused of and not done. It ruined me around that neighborhood, because I love kids. I was playing with the kids all the time. I don't believe in child molesting. I got to tell somebody about it. I'm going to run under a different name than Rebel.

I got false ID. I owed some money for the false ID, some and three other people stole some drugs in exchange for what I owed for the ID. I joined the Naval Marines, the Seabees. That's a construction division of the Navy and the Marine Corps. While I was in boot camp, I met my mom for the first time since I was three. She lived on base. She was married to an officer. He took me home for Christmas dinner. I was sort of an honor recruit. His wife said, "I have a kid who would be your age." I was on four hits of acid. She mentioned the orphanage I was in and a Christmas present I got.

In the service I was a heavy equipment operator - dozers, cranes, derricks. I was stationed in Hawaii, Philly and Alaska. I dealt. I got me a cougar. If somebody come up to me and asked for an ounce, I'd say, "You crazy? I don't cut nothing less than a quarter pound."

A commissioned officer ran into me - wham! We was both drunk. I pushed him back and said, "Look, you cock sucking mother fucker,



watch where you're going or go get fucked!" I turned away from him, didn't salute him or shit. I got thrown in the brig, I had a mental breakdown and tried to kill myself. I escaped, I went on an old rust bucket of bolts of a ship as a dishwasher in the Pacific. I tripped to Hawaii with my mom and my stepfather. My stepdad thought it was that officer's fault. He knew I was AWOL, but he thought I was in the right. I enjoyed tripping around taking care of my little half-sister. I got kicked out of the service.

When I got back from Hawaii, I got busted for hitch hiking on the interstate. I was on acid. I took acid all the time to keep my mind from going in an insane rage. I told the cop, "I ain't got the money to pay this ticket and I ain't never gonna have and I don't give a shit." They put me in jail for two months.

Then I came to the Rainbow Gathering. Compared past life, it's a shock. I heard it was free food, free drugs, no press, no law. When I first got here it was, "OK, what's this? I just want to get stoned. I ain't gonna care about the guy next to me unless he gets me stoned."

When I first saw the OM circle, I thought it was a bunch of nuts. I figured, "Well, I've done worse for a meal. I've been through a bunch of ear-beating at missions." But when I went through it—I still don't understand it, but there's something there. I ain't figured out what it is. I felt it flowing through me through one hand and I pass it out through the other.

It kind of changed me. Now it's like "Hey, what do you need done? I'll do it." I do my share of paying for things. That's how powerful this thing is. I work for the Hobo Kitchen evening meal, cutting things up, serving it. I carry water for breakfast. I found out I don't get stoned. I get mellowed



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out on love. I see so much love floating around here, so much friendship, so peaceful. I never experienced love like this before. I don't want to leave. I'll be coming back to every Rainbow from now on.

[This story was taken down at the 1982 Idaho gathering. After Rebel had been there 181